

Children's Department.

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man!
Of course I love him dearly;
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly!

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head and says: "You see,
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says: "The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things all whirling,
He looks at me and says: "Tut! tut!
This close air needs a stirring."

He says when drifts are piling high,
And fence-posts scarcely peeping:
"How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just as queerly.

—*The Children's Friend.*

MARGERY'S TRAMP.

"Margery!" called Nurse Robin.

But Margery's face was down in the
clover, so she didn't hear.

Nurse came up breathless; she had
caught a glimpse of white from an upper
window.

"Here I am, nurse," said Margery
sweetly.

"Naughty child! Tramps might steal
you."

"What tramps?" asked Margery.

"Ragged men that walk the roads—bad
men."

"I's just talkin' to one," said Margery,
calmly. "He didn't steal me."

"With a tramp?"

"Yes; he'd a ragged coat, an' hat, an'
holes in his shoes."

"Is that truth, Margery Lee?" for Mar-
gery sometimes thought things true that
only came into her busy brain.

"Yes, Nurse Robin," she said. "I's
watchin' the clovers noddin' to each other,
an' I heard some one say, 'Hullo, little
girl!'"

"He had a way-down voice 'at scared
me; but he said, 'I won't hurt you Missy.
What you doin'?"

"I told him I's thinkin' how good God
was.

"Ven he said, 'How's he good?"

"An' I told, to give me mamma, and
papa, and baby with cunnin' dimples, an'
nurse, an' Trot, an' Shag.

"Ven he said, 'S'pose you lived in a lit-
tle room, 'thout any grass, and your
brother died 'cause it was hot, would you
think God was good? That's my little
girl!"

"I's awful sorry, an' I said my papa'd
make it right. He gave me this to show
where his little girl lives," and Margery
waved a dirty paper.

"The child'll get cholera," cried Nurse.

But Margery didn't, and her papa did
find the poor child. Still better, he help-
ed make her papa a good man, and his
home sweeter.

Now Margery's tramp says, "God is
good."—*Elizabeth B. Walker.*

THE CHILDREN'S POET.

In the August number of *St. Nicholas*
there are many stories told of the late Mr.
Eugene Field, the man who loved little
children, and wrote such lovely stories
and poems for them. He used to write
poems for his own little children, and
give them to them. When one of Mr.
Field's children was a baby, he gave him
a silver plate, and had engraved upon it
the following poem:

INSCRIPTIONS FOR MY LITTLE SON'S SILVER PLATE.

Unto Roswell Francis Field, his father, Eugene
Field, giveth this Counsel with this Plate.
Sept 2, 1893.

When thou shalt eat from off this plate,
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;
Unto thine elders at the board
Do thou sweet reverence accord;
Though unto dignity inclined,
Unto the serving-folk be kind;
Be ever mindful of the poor.
Nor turn them hungry from the door;
And unto God, for health and food
And all that in thy life is good,
Giae thou thy heart in gratitude.

It would be a wise thing to learn these
lines and think of them. Following them
would make any boy a gentleman, any
girl a lady.

QUEER FACTS IN OUR HISTORY.

The St. Louis Republic says that the
history of our Presidents has given some
remarkable coincidences, and then names
the facts given below. Sometimes news-
papers do not get these things just right.
It would be a good exercise for any boy
or girl to look these up in cyclopedias
and see if they are true.

John Adams was eight years older than
his successor, Thomas Jefferson; he eight
years older than James Madison; he
eight years older than James Monroe, and
he eight years older than John Quincy
Adams.

George Washington ended his term as
President in his sixty-fifth year, and so,

too, did John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,
James Madison, and James Monroe.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both
died on the same day, July 4, 1826, ex-
actly fifty years after the signing of the
Declaration of Independence. One other
President, James Monroe, died on July
4. His death occurred in 1831.

Every President, it is said, with the sin-
gle exception of William H. Harrison,
has had blue eyes.

HOW HARRY WOULD DO IT.

Harry went an errand for his mamma.
He was very proud of being big enough
to go. He took his hoop with him, be-
cause he had only a note to carry in his
pocket. As he came home he was cross-
ing an alley. Some one called to him:

"Come in here."

Harry looked to see who had called. It
was a boy about as big as himself. The boy
was ragged, but had a bright face. Harry
liked his looks.

"Tome and play with me," said the
boy.

"I guess I can't without asking mam-
ma," said Harry.

"Oh! do," said the boy. "I'll give you
something good if you will. Come just a
little way till you see."

Harry took a few steps into the alley.
The boy put something into Harry's hand.

"There," he said, "you light a match
and then you smoke it."

"Why, that's a cigarette," said Harry.

"Yes," said the boy.

"But they're bad things to smoke."

"Are they?" said the boy.

"Yes. My mamma says so."

"Nobody ever told me so," said the
boy.

"I guess I'll go home," said Harry.

"Mamma," he said, when he saw her,
"there's a boy in the alley that don't know
it's bad to smoke."

"Is there?" said mamma.

"Yes; and he looks as if he was a kind
of good boy, any way."

"What do you think ought to be done
about it?" said mamma.

"He's all in rags," said Harry. "I think
it would be good to give him some clothes
and tell him to wash himself. And ask him
if he wants anything to eat."

"Very good," said mamma; "what
next?"

"Well," said Harry, as if thinking very
deeply, "then I guess we'd better ask him
to go to Mission school. And then they'll
tell him not to smoke cigarettes—and lots
of other good things."

I think Harry will know how to help
people as he grows older, don't you?—
Sydney Dayre.